

Trope: Flower Shop AU (Basic Chickens)

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by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

After leaving the crazy world of investigative journalism, Adam agrees to work in his friend's flower shop. When a rather odd but endearing alpha keeps coming in each weekend for flowers for his dates, Adam starts to wonder if it's a ruse and he's just too nervous to ask for Adam's number. Well, what's to be done about that?

Notes

My first Basic Chickens! For Grandpappy's Basic Chickens Week

Thanks to both Victorine and Slashyrogue for taking a look over this for me - especially Rogue as her Basic Chickens fics are so wonderful I just had to gift this to her :D



“You know you’re really rather rude. I don’t think I will come here again. I think-” the alpha started bluntly with a thick Scandinavian accent. Adam blinked.

“I’m sorry, I was trying to make conversation...” Adam broke in, unable to keep the tone of irritation from his voice as he finished wrapping the flowers.

“You interrupted me, I’d rather you didn’t do it again it’s very rude. Do all ugly omegas interrupt like this?” the alpha blustered.

“I’m sorry?” Adam was indignant now. “What is your problem?”

“You were being nosey. That is very rude. Not nice behaviour for an omega.”

Adam huffed, trying to remember to focus on customer service and not reel back from the backwards comment from the equally backward alpha. Even so he couldn’t help but say - “I was only asking who the flowers are for...”

“Rude!” the man reiterated, grabbing the bouquet from the countertop, and practically slamming down some pound coins before he stalked out the door.

A week later, the man came back.

*

Adam was not wary by nature, possibly a massive failing considering some of the sticky situations he’d found himself in before he gave up investigative journalism. It wasn’t that he was unaware of danger, far from it, he just didn’t tend to be as cautious as he probably should be. It’s what made him a good journalist but really, it could have landed him in trouble in the past had he not been equal measures lucky and resourceful. To be fair, he was lucky he hadn’t ended up dead, in prison or in one of those homes for unbonded omegas - probably squeezing out a baby.

One too many close calls and he had decided to swear off journalism, alphas, and sex in general. So far he wasn't doing a great job, his blog was popular (though hardly journalism, he assured himself), and giving up sex was never going to happen. But he had to concede that sticking with betas was at least a step in the right direction.

So it was with a sort of foreboding that he welcomed the alpha back to the store through a clenched jaw, because despite the odd behaviour and uniquely interesting appearance, his scent was pretty much the definition of divine.

"Did they like the flowers then?" Adam smiled but received a frown in return.

"Why would you ask such a thing? Nosey!" An immediate irritated and defensive tone.

Adam rolled his eyes. Whatever this guy's problem was, he wasn't dealing with it regardless of how good he smelt, or how packed he appeared in his plain trousers. He went back to looking at the laptop on the counter, scrolling through replies on his blog. It was a sort of lifestyle-come-sass blog, journalling his life since agreeing to run his friend Kris's flower shop whilst she was travelling overseas. Truth was, *Bloomin' Fucking Marvelous* likely had more readers than anything he ever had published in a rag. He continued working on the piece he had started in the morning about the best flowers to use in a centerpiece on a third date - using anecdotes from his date at the weekend that had resulted in the centrepiece being knocked flying as the rather impressive beta fucked him on the table before he could even serve dinner.

His train of thought about the rather handsome fella he had been seeing the last couple of weeks was interrupted as a bunch of pre-wrapped flowers - not especially nice ones he'd made up from those about to rot - was dropped heavily onto the counter next to the laptop.

"Perhaps it's not too much trouble for you if I pay for these?" There was no anger in the tone or expression, more a pre-emptive rudeness that was hiding something else. If there was one thing that had made Adam a good journalist, it was his judgement of character. Something was definitely up with this guy's nervous bravado.

"Four quid." Adam held out his hand but the alpha narrowed his eyes. "Pounds, four pounds. Sterling," Adam reiterated and the eyes narrowed more as he shuffled in his pocket and dumped out some change along with a little pocket lint. The alpha counted out four pounds and put the rest back in his pocket before grabbing the flowers and stalking out.

*

The following week, Saturday afternoon again, the alpha was back. When he walked in the door he and Adam looked at each other for a moment before Adam broke into a smirk.

"Saturday is date night, huh?"

"Why are you so rude to me? Grinning like there is a joke. It's no joke. I have a lot of omegas who want to date me, I have to disappoint so many. You're just jealous," the alpha accused as he picked up the first potted plant on the shelf and set it heavily on the counter.

“Yes, that must be it.” Adam rolled his eyes and rang up the cheap pot plant only moments before it was snatched away from him. Really, he couldn’t give a shit. The beta he’d been dating had text him a Dear John that morning and he had hoped the day would get better not worse.

Adam let out a sigh. He hadn’t realised he must have looked as downcast and deflated as he felt because then the alpha said -

“You are sad. I can help you if someone is...” For a moment the alpha looked genuinely concerned, but Adam’s sneer at the sudden turn shut the man back up.

The alpha seemed to hesitate for a moment as though he was going to say something more but thought better of it. In that moment there was a richer, deeper scent that Adam picked up.

The alpha was aroused.

Their eyes met again, Adam’s surprised expression meeting the alpha’s sudden red faced anger before he stormed out of the shop.

Adam took a deep breath to centre himself before turning to his laptop and starting a new entry-

-Let me tell you about this alpha that keeps coming to buy flowers. He doesn’t give a shit what he picks up, he is rude and defensive. And today he was aroused. Now, does he really have a date every Saturday night? Does he have some weird flower fetish? Or, could it just be possible he’s interested in my sweet omegan blossom? And what is to be done about that?

*

The following Saturday afternoon the alpha looked already flustered when he entered the shop and Adam had to suppress a grin that came with the assumption that he was correct about the alpha’s intentions. Was he just being rude and prickly because he wanted to know Adam better and was awkward in expressing it?

Now that Adam took another look at him, he found a certain charm to the alpha. Sure, he wasn’t conventionally good looking, but in his experience most total hotties were assholes. But there was something there, a vulnerability that Adam found more attractive than he knew he should. A softness that the alpha clearly tried to hide. It warmed Adam and piqued his interest. And the curly hair was kind of cute.

The alpha grabbed a cactus from the display stand next to the door, and placed it on the counter as he shifted from foot to foot. He looked like he was going to say something but didn’t. Adam remained mutually silent, ringing in the cost and then holding out his hand, palm up. It was amusing and he wondered how long before the alpha broke - he could see sweat beading on his forehead and again there was the smell of his arousal.

Oh my god, what is with this guy? Adam’s mind was already writing his next blog update.

The alpha rustled in his pocket a moment before looking suddenly uncomfortable and slamming a five pound note down onto the counter. He turned and fled from the shop, leaving the money and cactus.

“Urgh, really?” Adam wasn’t sure what he had thought or hoped might happen, but it wasn’t that. He rung through the purchase, grabbed the change and cactus and strode out of the shop, turning the sign to *closed* as he went.

He could see the alpha walking briskly into the public bathroom at the end of the street. Adam frowned and followed after him.

By the time he got there the man was in the end stall of the otherwise empty bathroom. Adam only knew he was there because of the little sounds coming from behind the door.

“Hey, are you ok?” Adam was worried now, thinking back at how agitated the alpha had seemed. Was he sick? “Do you need me to call someone?”

The responding groan increased Adam’s worry for the briefest of moments before the scent hit him anew. The smell of the alpha’s arousal now permeated the air- a heavy and swampy atmosphere descended. He started to feel aroused in response, though it wasn’t entirely unwelcome. It had been so long since he’d been with an alpha, just the thought of being knotted might make him cum.

Adam hesitated for a moment before placing the coins and potted cactus onto a sink and moving to the cubicle door.

“Do you need... Can I help you?” Adam asked gently and leaned into the door, breathing deep to take in the hot, musky scent on the other side.

There was rustling, the jingle of a belt buckle, and irritated huff. But finally the lock slid across and the door swung open.

“Oh, darling!” Adam sighed out the words. He took in the sight before him - torn between sympathy and amusement. The disheveled alpha stood with his trousers and pants rumpled around his ankles. His shirt hung untucked and askew, but was not long enough to hide the alpha’s impressive cock - beautiful and irresistible. Adam bit his lower lip and sucked it into his mouth as he gazed at the beautiful beast before him. “Let me help you.”

Adam’s heart was pounding as he pushed the alpha back into the cubicle and closed the door behind them before dropping to his knees. He didn’t hesitate in taking the hard cock into his mouth and humming his pleasure around it. He brought a hand up to massage the alpha’s balls as the other circled his knot and gently kneaded it, imagining what that would feel like inside him.

It’s ok, sucking him off is ok. I didn’t swear off that, right? Adam reasoned as he sucked the alpha harder and deeper, taking him into the back of his throat with ease.

The alpha’s hands clattered against the sides of the cubicle as he reached out for support. At least it made it harder for him to thrust into Adam’s mouth, which was a blessing given the

girth of the man and the small space they were in. Adam pulled back and swirled his tongue around the glans, which drew an interesting and oversensitive sound from the alpha, making Adam grin. He took him deep again and after drawing back long and slow a couple of times, he felt the alpha's balls draw up and his knot throb. Adam tightened his hand around the knot, circling it firmly in his hand, drawing another groan as it started to expand.

A moment later the alpha cried out and shot his load, hot and thick into Adam's mouth. Adam swallowed it down, continuing to suck and lick and take all he could as the alpha's cock and knot pulsed and kept cumming.

Oh god I want him to fuck me. Adam groaned.

The alpha was panting when he finally drew back, looking somewhat self conscious when he pulled his underwear and trousers back up, holding them to him.

"Why did you do that?" he asked, looking close to annoyed.

Adam frowned. "Didn't you want me to?" He wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "I mean... You were clearly aroused and then..." He swept his hand across to indicate the situation.

He wasn't able to say any more, much less ask what the alpha planned to do about his own throbbing cock and the slick pooling between his ass cheeks, because the outer door of the bathroom banged open and a voice called in -

"I have called the police! You should make yourselves decent before they arrive. Disgusting perverts."

Adam clapped a hand over his mouth and started to laugh. "Oh my god!"

"This isn't funny. This is your fault." The alpha was hurriedly doing his trousers up and back to looking irritated.

Adam rolled his eyes again. "Oh please!" Adam got up and brushed down his knees. "Come on." He went back into the bathroom and looked around. There was a small window above the sinks. He climbed up quickly then looked back. "Coming?" he asked with a grin before slipping out through the window. He walked briskly away from the bathroom. His own arousal now fading, he decided to go grab a coffee before heading back to the shop wondering if the alpha would catch him up.

*

"Hey gorgeous." Adam grinned as he looked up over his laptop at the alpha. Another week had passed and it was late Saturday afternoon - right on schedule. "You know, this whole thing would be a lot easier if you just asked for my number. I might even give it to you," he teased.

The alpha looked angry. "What you did was very wrong. That isn't how an omega should behave."

“Oh please!” Adam shook his head, his grin dropping into an expression more like disdain. “You weren’t as bothered when your cock was in my mouth... and I’m still waiting for some reciprocation you know? Now, that’s what I call rude.”

The alpha looked indignant. He blustered, “And then leaving me! I had to explain to the police.”

“Oh my god!” He figured the guy had been smart enough to follow him out the window. “What did you say?” Adam chuckled despite how much it seemed to irritate the alpha.

“Well. I could not tell them what really happened. So you made a liar of me, I am not a liar so I don’t like that you did that!” he admonished before pausing for a moment. Adam continued to chuckle. “I told them that I was sick. They couldn’t find you and so I said that I was alone and sick and the silly man who called them was obviously deluded.”

“They believed you? I left that window wide open. In fact, you could have followed you know.” Adam admonished gently. There was something about this alpha’s manner that Adam found not just amusing but strangely endearing.

The alpha’s eyes narrowed on him. “Do I look unbelievable? This is the face of someone people can trust. Besides, when they questioned me further I refused to speak in English and told them I barely spoke the language and needed a translator.”

Adam broke into a hearty laugh at that. “So after speaking to them in reasonably good English for-” he waved his hand “-however long. You then told them you don’t know the language?”

“Reasonably good?” The alpha was clearly insulted. “My English is excellent. Surely better than your Danish!”

Adam was wide eyed and wider grin. This guy could not be for real. Cute, in his own way; hilarious, if unintentionally so; and a cock that Adam hadn’t been able to stop thinking about for a week. He chuckled again and shook his head. “You’re sort of pretty wonderful, you know.” he scribbled his number on one of the little gift cards by the register and handed it to the alpha.

“What is this?” With the harelip it was hard to tell, but it looked like the alpha was sneering at him. Either way he seemed confused.

“My number. I mean, let’s cut to the chase yeah?” Adam gave him a warm smile. Maybe they could go out later that night, see where the evening took them - but Adam was pretty sure it would take them back to his flat.

“Why would you give me this? We don’t know each other. I’m not sure I would like to call an omega like you.” It was definitely a sneer.

Adam frowned at the reply, studying the alpha before realising he appeared completely serious. “I sucked your dick... You came in my mouth.” The alpha’s expression didn’t

change. “You’ve been coming in here for weeks... I thought you were trying to work up the nerve to ask me out.”

“I’ve been coming to buy flowers for the omegas I took on dates. It is a flower shop isn’t it? And I never asked you to... do anything-” the alpha replied, indignant.

“I can smell your arousal when you come in here!” Adam was flabbergasted.

“I have a condition. It’s genetic, and I will thank you not to pry!” the man huffed and then pointed his finger at Adam. “You are insufferably rude and ugly. I don’t think I like you at all.”

“What the fuck?” Adam was shocked at the response and the insult. “Get the fuck out of my shop, you asshole.” Adam came around the counter and started to usher him to the door.

“But... I need flowers for my date tonight.” The alpha seemed surprised that he was being asked to leave.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Adam yelled. He picked up a bunch from the bargain bucket next to the door and thrust them into the alpha’s hands. “Here, hope they fucking love them.” He shoved the alpha out the door.

*

An hour later Adam wasn’t much calmer as he brought in the buckets of flowers out the front and closed up the shop.

He had been so shocked and, he had to admit to himself, dismayed, that he couldn’t even bring himself to blog about it all. He thought he had good instincts but he had clearly, embarrassingly, misjudged the situation.

He was just leaving through the back door when he heard a snuffle and then a sob.

“Hello?” Adam glanced one way and then the other way down the path that the back exited onto.

“You’re not ugly.” The alpha was sat hunched over against the wall, the words seemed forced out and Adam wasn’t sure what to believe.

“Ok.” He frowned, this alpha was crazy. There was another sob and Adam sighed. He couldn’t really leave the guy sitting there crying. Why the hell *was* he even sat there crying? He took a deep breath in the hopes of centring himself, and then sat down next to the alpha and leaned back against the wall.

The alpha handed him the already shitty bunch of flowers, that were also now rumpled and pretty trashed.

“These are for you,” he said in a shaky voice.

Adam took them with a sneer and a frown. "Right. Thanks." He dropped them to the floor. "So, is there a reason why you are sat here crying like someone pissed on your chips?"

The alpha looked at him, something like annoyance behind the weepy eyes. "That's very ungrateful of you."

Adam huffed and went to stand. There was only so much of this guy he was going to take. But then the alpha's hand was around his wrist, holding it gently, before he could get up.

"Please, don't go." The desperation in the alpha's voice pulled Adam back down. He huffed again. "My date cancelled. She was an old pig. And she was rude anyway. It reminded me of you."

"Because I'm rude. Apparently." Adam stated it as a fact rather than a question.

"Well, that is true. But it reminded me-" the alpha sniffed "-that you thought I wanted to court you."

"And that made you sad?" Adam frowned, trying to add the pieces together and wishing he'd left the front way this time.

The alpha nodded. "It made me sad because for weeks I have been having date after date with rude, ugly and mean omegas, and the whole time you thought I might want to ask for your number. Which is understandable as I am a very good alpha. Strong and attractive and virile..." maybe he sensed he was losing his audience because he added - "and... you took care of me. You offered, when most don't want to even... I... my problem can be... You made me feel so much better and..." the words disappeared into another sob.

Adam shrugged. What could he say - he liked a nice cock. He sighed "Ok... I'm still not... look, I can see you're upset - do you need me to call someone?"

There was another sob. "I would like to call you."

"Well... honestly, I think the moment for that passed." Adam raised an eyebrow and the alpha looked directly at him with a renewed sadness.

"But... I'm a very good catch. I'm a very impressive alpha. I would be very nice to you." There was a softness behind the tears.

Adam sighed again, this time more at his own weakness. This was clearly some weird bravado. A false confidence the alpha himself bought into. He saw rudeness in others because he was deflecting his own onto them. But... there was something more there, behind that, if Adam cared to delve deeper into the vulnerability.

"What else?" Adam asked.

"What else? I am clearly more than good enough for any omega. You would be lucky-" the alpha had started to bluster until he saw Adam roll his eyes. He frowned and appeared to be thinking hard on Adam's question. "I can be... I am kind. I can treat you well. And... I would be very gentle when I knot you, if you want me to be. I would be happy to tell you that

you are beautiful, because you are.” The alpha’s expression softened and he plucked the head off one of the flowers that lay between them, tucking it into Adam’s hair with a smile.

It wasn’t the words that mattered so much as seeing beyond those walls the alpha had clearly built up - the real softness beneath, that Adam suspected he might become very fond of. He was immensely fond of strong, hard men who were also gentle and soft - roughly pinning him down and knotting him hard whilst using their mouths gently enough to pull purrs from him. He could see that in this alpha. The thought made him a little hard.

“Maybe you can buy me dinner, and we’ll see where that goes.” Adam smiled and the alpha smiled back. “I’m Adam by the way.” He held out his hand to shake.

The alpha took it, turned it over and kissed the back of it. “Adam is a very beautiful name.” He smiled. “My name is Elias.”

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